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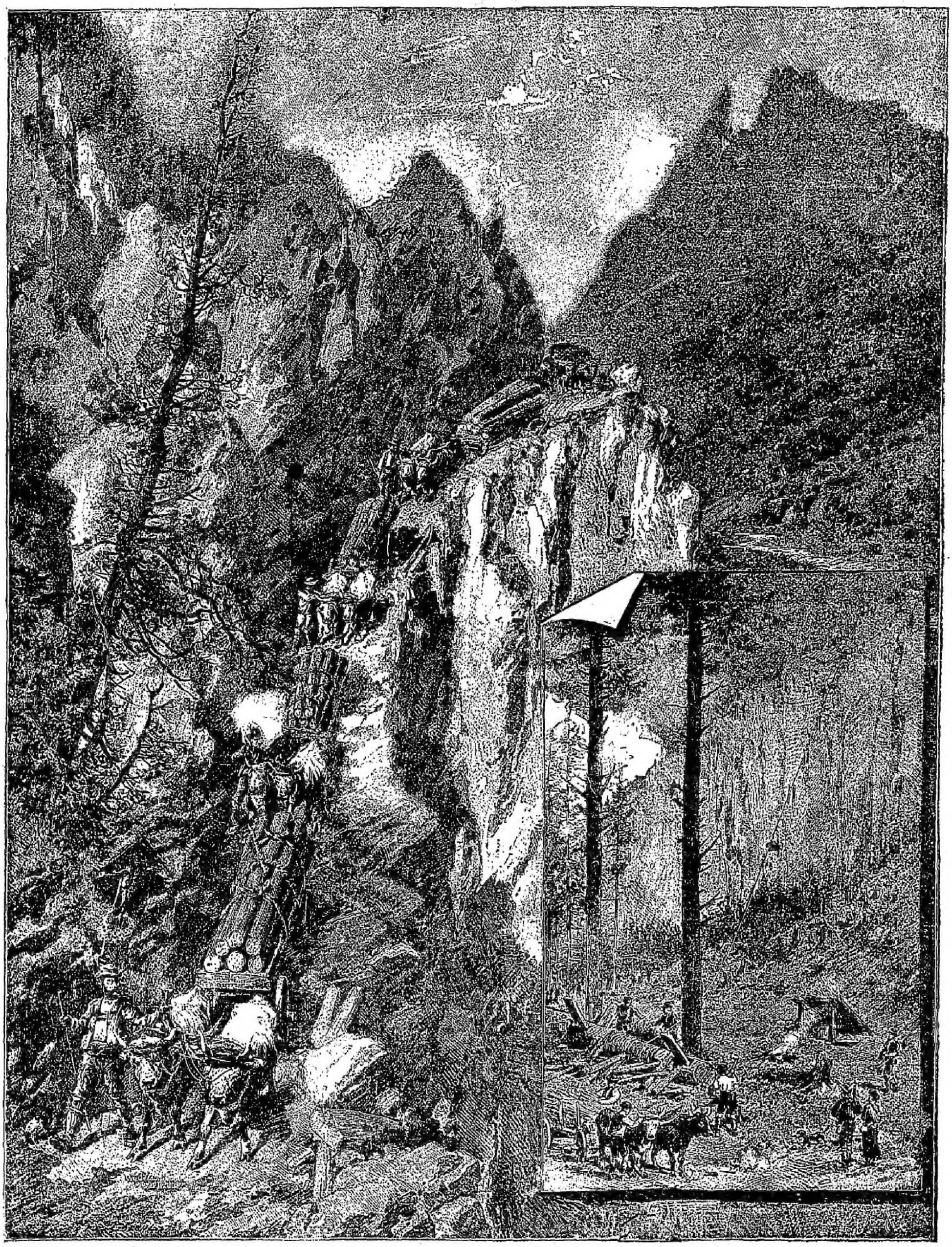


HAULING WOOD IN THE MOUNTAINS OF THE TYROL.

AUBERT GALLION QUE
SW M Pozer 1588

A KINDLY GIFT.

"I don't know," said the wife Margaret, "how we shall make out, but we can't let the child starve." Margaret was the house-mother in a German home, where money was scarce and plain food was not plenty.

A stranger had come along the street, stopped at the door, and asked if he might have some supper with the family. He was watching the yellow haired little girl who followed Margaret about, and who was the cause of her speaking the sentence with which this story commences.

"Then she isn't your own child?" asked the stranger.

"No!" Margaret explained that she was the child of a poor neighbor who died a few weeks before, leaving nothing for the little girl and no friends for her to go to. So they had to take her in.

"And can't you manage to keep her?" the stranger asked. "You have none of your own, I suppose."

"Oh, dear, yes!" and she laughed over his queer mistake. None of our own? Why, there were ten in all!

When supper was ready they trooped in. What a little army of them! and how clean their faces were! their light hair neatly combed, and their patched and worn clothes looking as though each of them had been as careful as possible. At the supper-table each of them looked out for Gretchen. She had the largest potato, carefully peeled by Margaret, the mother's name-child; Melchior, the father's namesake, put a bit of butter on it, though he ate none on his own. The stranger saw all this, and a great deal more, though he seemed to be talking with the father and mother.

The next day a soldier in military dress rode up to the house and asked for the house-mother, and gave her a great solemn-looking letter which made her tremble as she broke the seal. Oh, what do you think that letter said? Why, that the man who had taken supper with them the night before was so pleased with all the ten children, and with Gretchen besides, that he had decided to make them each a present of $100, which would be paid to them each year while they lived! $100 a year, because a strange man who took supper with them was pleased with their kindness to him and their unselfish care of the orphan Gretchen! That sounds like a "make-up" story, doesn't it? And yet it is true. The letter was signed Joseph, Emperor of Austria. And he was the stranger who had eaten potatoes with them the night before.

There is a greater and better Sovereign who is watching our conduct though we never see him. He knows our motives too, for he searches the heart. He will give the reward for faithful service hereafter. That King is God.—*Selected.*

A SCENE IN THE TYROL.

The Tyrol is a province of Austria of upward of eleven thousand square miles. It borders on Bavaria, Switzerland, and Italy, and is a most picturesque region, rivalling Switzerland in its attractive features. So mountainous is it, and so lofty are the mountains that about one-third of its area is covered with perpetual snow, glaciers, and barren rock. Another third is covered with forests, and one of these mountain forests is represented in our illustration. These great forests give rise to the woodman's industry. Our picture in its separate parts shows different methods of transporting the logs. Sometimes it seems to be done with great ox-teams down most precipitous roads. Sometimes, as in the smaller picture, the logs seem to be slung from a cable controlled by a rude windlass, and thus carried from the top of some precipice to the valley beneath, there to be reduced to lumber or firewood. It must be a hard life led by these Tyrolese mountaineers, and not without its dangers. One can easily imagine that one of these great ox-teams might become unmanageable in descending those precipitous roads, and then there would be sure catastrophe. Or the cable stretching up the face of the cliff might be overloaded and drop its burden, with fatal consequences, into the valley. The conditions of life for these peasants are hard, but they are described as industrious, patriotic, and in their way pious. They are a fine-looking people, and wear picturesque costumes. Many of them migrate from their homes every summer, returning in the autumn. They are patriotic, as their history has more than once shown, and in every way the Tyrol is one of the most interesting regions of Europe.—*Christian Weekly.*

THE TEACHER'S WORK.

Jesus taught not only in season, but out of season. Though sent to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, he must needs go through Samaria, because a poor strayed woman of that mongrel race stood lost and wistful there. Though he made it a habit to attend the synagogue and to expound the Law and the Prophets, he felt equally in his place at the well-side or on a journey. Though the woman came on a different errand, and though he himself was tired, and intent on reaching his destination, it was all the same to him as when Mary sat at his feet in the quiet evening hours at Bethany.

And the wholly Christ-like teacher will hardly content himself with those who come voluntarily to the school, and with a class ready-made to his hand. The little Samaritans of the highway and the byway, whom he meets in his daily walks, will be precious in his eyes, and he will not despair of them as recruits for Christ's army. A lady came into my school one day, and asked for something to do. I told her to go out and find something for herself. She reappeared next Lord's Day with three little girls who had never been to Sunday-school, and made them the nucleus of an infant class which continued under her care for eighteen years, having comprised from first to last more than twenty-five hundred scholars, and numbering as many as two hundred and fifty-three at one time.

And the teacher sent of God will be the teacher all the week, having his scholars on his mind and heart, seeking them out in a familiar and unobtrusive way, and improving every accidental meeting. Nothing is so fatal to the vitality and power of teaching as an impression of perfunctoriness; and this is made even more by our intercourse in the intervals than during the hours of stated instruction. If during these intervals we give the pupil an impression that we have thrown aside our responsibility for him and our sense of the relation between us, he will come to regard us as a sort of teaching machine, and will himself subside into a machine pupil.

It was the way of Jesus to make each individual soul feel that it was personally addressed and appealed to. And hence Nicodemus had his portion in due season, and the Samaritan woman hers, and Zaccheus his, and Mary and Peter and Judas all theirs. And the Christlike teacher will give this separate impression to each of his scholars: "My teacher means me. This sin which he holds up to my horror is my sin: this salvation which he tells about is my salvation. I am sure he loves me, and is anxious about me; and it is time I looked after these things for myself."

Above all, the teacher from God comes to seek and to save, to "win" souls, as the Bible beautifully expresses it—a "fisher of men," as our Lord himself puts it. Let us emulate the alertness and concentration, the perseverance and the enthusiasm of yonder angler, as he leaps from stone to stone, or sits patient and still in the shadow of the rock, or as he skilfully chooses his most attractive flies, and plays them to and fro before his desired prize.—*De Zabriskie.*

MRS. LIVINGSTONE'S GRAVE.

Prof. Drummond, at Chautauqua, told of his visit, in the heart of Africa, to the grave of David Livingstone's wife, Dr. Moffatt's daughter:

"We were to spend the night within a few yards of the place where Mrs. Livingstone died. Late in the afternoon we reached the spot—a low ruined hut a hundred yards from the river's bank, with a broad veranda shading its crumbling walls. A grass-grown path straggled to the doorway, and the fresh print of a hippopotamus told how neglected the spot is now. Pushing the door open, we found ourselves in a long, dark room, its mud floor broken into fragments, and remains of native fires betraying its late occupants. Turning to the right we entered a smaller chamber, the walls bare and stained, with two glassless windows facing the river. The evening sun, setting over the far-off Morumballa mountains, filled the room with its soft glow and took our thoughts back to that Sunday evening, twenty years ago, when in this same bed-room at this same time Livingstone knelt over his dying wife and witnessed the great sunset of his life.

"Under a huge baobab tree—a miracle of vegetable vitality and luxuriance—stands Mrs. Livingstone's grave. The picture in Livingstone's book represents the place as well kept and surrounded with neatly planted trees. But now it is an utter wilderness, matted with jungle grass and trodden by the beasts of the forest; and as I looked at the forsaken mound and contrasted it with her husband's marble tomb in Westminster Abbey, I thought perhaps the woman's love which brought her to a spot like this might not be less worthy of immortality."

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON IX.—FEBRUARY 26.

THE RICH YOUNG RULER.—Matt. 19: 16-26.

Commit Verses 23-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Ye cannot serve God and mammon.—Matt. 6:24.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Eternal life is gained by a faith in Jesus which gives up all things to him.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 19: 1-15.
T. Matt. 19: 16-26.
W. Mark 10: 17-27.
Th. Luke 18: 18-27.
F. Luke 16: 9-14.
Sa. Matt. 6: 19-34.
Su. 1 Tim. 6: 6-21.

Parallel Accounts.—Mark 10: 17-27; Luke 18-27.

Intervening History.—Matt. 19: 1-15; Luke 9: 51 to 18: 17; John 7: 2 to 11: 54.

Introduction.—Read all these narratives. Jesus was slowly making his last journey to Jerusalem. On the way, in some house, little children had been brought to him, and he had blessed them. Just as he was leaving the house, occurred the lesson of to-day.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

16. *And behold:* as he was leaving the house, and was in the highway. *One came:* a young man, rich, and ruler, probably of a synagogue. 17. *Why callest thou me good?* not a rebuke for calling him good, but an inquiry whether he looked upon him as a common teacher, usually called "good master," or as a divine teacher, good in the sense that God is good. *Keep the commandments:* for all in heaven, who have eternal life, naturally keep the commandments, which are summed up in one word, *love.* 20. *What lack I yet?* he lacked one thing, but it was the main thing,—that loving trust which consecrated all to God, which is the soul of all good works. 21. *If thou will be perfect:* complete, lacking nothing of eternal life. *Sell that thou hast:* use your property for God; give it all to him. What does this mean for us? In *principle*, the same as to him. He does not ask us to give all to the poor as he did this man: for he let John retain his home. But whatever he does ask us to do with it we are to do. Not one dollar is to be kept aside from his will. *Follow me:* note his possible future as a discipline, compared with his obscure future as a nameless rich man. 23. *Hardly:* with difficulty. (1) Because they are apt to trust in them; (2) to be self-sufficient; (3) to be joined in business with irreligious men; (4) often they must change their business, or do it in a different way, or return ill-gotten gains.

QUESTIONS.

When and where was Jesus in our last lesson? How much time elapsed between that lesson and this? What were some of the things which occurred in this interval? Trace on the map the change of place? In what other places is this account given?

SUBJECT: SEEKING ETERNAL LIFE.

I. A Young Man Seeking Eternal Life (vs. 16, 17). Who came to Jesus as he was travelling? What had Jesus just been doing? (Matt. 19: 13-15.) What facts can you tell about him? (Luke 18: 18; Mark 10: 22.) What good traits do you find in his character? Why did he come running? What does this teach us? What did he want? What is *eternal life?* What did he call Jesus? What was Jesus' reply? Why did he reply in this way? Did Jesus deny that he was good? How is seeking earnestly after eternal life a proof of wisdom?

II. The Attempt to Gain it by The Law (vs. 18-20).—How did Jesus tell him to obtain eternal life? To which table of the law do all these commands belong? Must one keep the commandments in order to be saved? (Rev. 21: 27; 2 Cor. 1: 1, 2; Gal. 5: 22, 23.) What was the ruler's reply? Had he really kept these commandments?

III. Its Failure (vs. 20, 21.)—Did the young ruler feel that in spite of his keeping the commandments he had not attained to eternal life? (v. 20.) Can any one be saved in that way? (Gal. 3: 11.)

How did Jesus feel toward this young man? (Mark 10: 21.) Why did he love him? Did he say what follows because he loved him? What did the man lack? What is the one necessary thing to salvation? (Mark 16: 16; John 1: 12, 6: 40; James 2: 14, 18.) Why? What did Jesus tell this man to do? Why? Is this the rule for us, in order to be saved? What must we do with all we have? (Luke 16: 1-14; 1 Tim. 6: 17-19.) What more must the man do? What additional word in Mark? (10: 21.) What is it to follow Jesus?

IV. Hinderances to Eternal Life (vs. 22-26).—Did the young man obey Jesus? Why not? What did Jesus say to his disciples about riches? Why is it so hard for the rich to enter the kingdom of heaven? What are the usual hinderances in the way of young people's seeking and gaining eternal life?

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON X.—MARCH 4.

CHRIST'S LAST JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.—Matt. 20: 17-29.

Commit Verses 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.—Matt. 20: 28.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ is the example of true greatness.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 20: 1-16.
T. Matt. 20: 17-29.
W. Mark 10: 32-45.
Th. Luke 9: 43-48; 18: 31-34.
F. Isa. 53: 1-12.
Sa. Phil. 2: 1-21.
Su. 1 Cor. 13: 1-13.

Parallel Passages.—Mark 10: 32-46; vs. 17-19 also with Luke 18: 31-34.

Introduction.—Jesus is still on his way to Jerusalem to be crucified. After the last lesson he encouraged his disciples, and taught them by a parable.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

17. *And Jesus going up:* Mark tells us that he was in the highway, going before his disciples, who were amazed, probably at his going directly into the face of great danger. For a short time before this the Jews at Jerusalem had sought to arrest and kill Jesus (John 7: 19-32; 8: 59; 10: 31, 39). This enmity had been increased by the resurrection of Lazarus (John 11: 47, 48, 56, 57). *To Jerusalem:* from Ephraim, where he had retired (John 11: 54). 18. *Behold we go up to Jerusalem,* etc.; he revealed these things (1) in order that they might not be disappointed and overwhelmed with doubt when they came to pass; (2) to teach them the true way of usefulness; (3) to point out the central doctrine of the new religion. 20. *Mother of Zebedee's children:* Salome, and her sons were James and John. 21. *Right hand:* etc.: the places of honor—but also of nearness—to Jesus. *In thy kingdom:* they expected a temporal kingdom, and that it was near at hand. 22. *Know not what ye ask:* ye do not know all the suffering that is necessary to have your request. *Cup:* our lot, or portion, holding all that will come to us, as a cup holds water. *Baptism:* the rite by which we enter Christ's kingdom; and thus the sufferings and trials through which we enter into joy or success. 23.—*To sit on my right hand:* etc., leave out the italics in this verse. "not mine to give, except to those for whom it is prepared." 24. *The ten, moved with indignation.* Their envy and jealousy showed them to be as bad as the two ambitious disciples. 26. *Be great ... your minister:* or servant. The measure of true greatness is not determined by the numbers that attend on us, but rather by *the numbers we benevolently attend upon.* Ambition for self, the desire of honor and place, is ruinous to the individual and to the church.

SUBJECT: TRUE AND FALSE GREATNESS.

QUESTIONS.

I. An Example of True Greatness (vs. 17-19). What three things does Mark tell us about this scene not related in v. 17? (Mark 10: 32.) Why did it seem strange that Jesus should go up to Jerusalem? (John 7: 19, 32; 11: 47, 48, 56, 57.) Did he know what was to befall him at Jerusalem? Did this keep him from going on? How did his going on under such circumstances show his greatness and heroism?

What did Jesus foretell to his disciples? Why did he reveal this to them? (John 13: 19; 14: 29.) Was this suffering essential to his work of saving men? Why is the rising again foretold? On what previous occasions had these things been foretold? (Matt. 16: 21; 17: 22.)

II. False Ideas of Greatness (vs. 20-24).—What three persons came to Jesus at this time? (Mark 10: 35.) What favor did they ask? What suggested it to them? (Matt. 19: 28.) Had they any apparent *claim to the first place?* (John 19: 26; Mark 3: 17; Matt. 17: 1.) What was there wrong in the request? May they have also had good motives,—as the desire to be near Jesus, to be more useful? What was Jesus' reply? Meaning of cup and baptism here? What did these disciples answer? What more did Jesus say? Did it come to pass? (Acts 12: 2; Rev. 1: 9.) To whom only could what they ask be given? Was *their* request denied? How did the other ten disciples feel when they heard of the brothers' action? Did that show that the ten were no better than the two?

III. The Nature of True Greatness (vs. 25-28.)—In what respect was Christ's kingdom to differ from other kingdoms? How only can we be truly great? How does ministering to others show greatness? What troubles came into the church by the seeking for power and honor? Are all equal in the church? In what may we seek to excel? What example did Christ give? What was his reward? (Phil. 2: 8, 9.) Could it have been obtained in any other way? How should we treat one another? (Rom. 12: 10.) What will cure us of self-seeking? (1 Cor. 13: 1-8.)

LESSON CALENDAR.

(First Quarter, 1888.)

1. Jan. 1.—Herod and John the Baptist.—Matt. 14: 1-12.
2. Jan. 8.—The Multitude Fed.—Matt. 14: 13-21.
3. Jan. 15.—Jesus walking on the Sea.—Matt 14: 22-36.
4. Jan. 22.—Jesus and the Afflicted, Matt.—15: 21-31.
5. Jan. 29.—Peter confessing Christ.—Matt. 16: 13-28.
6. Feb. 5.—The Transfiguration.—Matt. 17: 1-13.
7. Feb. 12.—Jesus and the Little Ones.—Matt. 18: 1-14.
8. Feb. 19.—A Lesson on Forgiveness.—Matt. 18: 21-35.
9. **Feb 26.—The Rich Young Ruler.—Matt. 19: 16-26.**
10. **March 4.—Christ's Last Journey to Jerusalem.—Matt. 20: 17-29.**
11. March 11.—Christ entering Jerusalem.—Matt. 21: 1-16.
12. March 18.—The Son Rejected.—Matt. 21: 33-46.
13. March 25.—Review, Temperance, Gal. 5: 16-26. and Missions.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

POTS AND PANS.

Have you ever dined at a house when each dish had an indefinable flavor of every other dish? No matter how charming the hostess, nor how rich the appurtenances of the dining-room, all is observed by the fact that the potatoes have been boiled in a saucepan after onions, and the steak has been broiled on the same gridiron that the salt fish occupied in the morning.

There is nothing so essential in the kitchen as perfect cleanliness, and the pots and the pans should have the first consideration.

It seems entirely unnecessary to say that all cooking utensils should be carefully cleaned after each using, but Bridget will, in nine cases out of ten, swish round a little water in a sauce-pan or frying-pan, mop it over with a wet and probably dirty dish cloth, and shove it into the closet.

Small fragments stick around the edges of the lids and in the corners, and there they stay (unless discovered by the watchful eye of the mistress), protected from all encroachments in the shape of soap and water, and forming the nucleus of continued deposits of like nature. It is just these minute particles that give the flavor to everything cooked in the pan.

One day a week should be devoted to this branch of housework and will amply suffice to keep all kitchen utensils in a spotless condition. If you superintend in person the labors of the maid, so much the better.

There are many ways of doing the same thing, but the quickest and easiest methods for producing equally good results should always be employed. In this age, time is money, and labor-saving inventions are numerous and near at hand.

A tiny scrubbing brush, that can be bought for five cents, and a small whisk broom will be found very useful in cleaning the insides of pots, and their superiority over the chains will be apparent as soon as used. The brush gets into the corners and crevices where a chain would be entirely useless.

The vigorous use of hot water and soap, with sapolio to polish with, or occasionally soda, will drive out the last vestige of dirt and grease.

When polishing new tins, do not rub the sapolio directly on the tin, as it is so often carelessly done, but rub the soap on one side of the cloth, then turn over the cloth and rub with that side. This precaution prevents the gritty particles from coming in contact with the polished surface and scratching it.

For all brass kettles use vinegar and salt; but in so doing take great care to thoroughly wash the kettle after rubbing; and also be particular that there are no cuts or scratches on the hands, for the chemical compound formed with the salt, acid and brass is a violent poison.

There is always acid in fruits, and when cooking this forms a poisonous coating on the brass, and therefore all brass boilers should be thoroughly scoured before being used again.

Articles made of fine brass and copper may be polished by a mixture of rotten stone and sweet oil, or by silicon applied wet and allowed to dry before rubbing up with a cloth first and then a chamois skin.

Another point seldom looked after is the manner in which tins are dried. Careless servants wash them and either shove them half dried into the closet or else pile them on the hottest part of the stove there to burn until they have leisure or inclination to remove them.

Housekeepers sometimes wonder how it is that they have to buy a new supply of tins so often, that the new saucepan has the handle off, and the boiler bought only a week or two ago, has a hole in it and has been pronounced unmendable. Just let her go unexpectedly into the kitchen some morning and see all these articles sizzling and burning on the red-hot stove, while a survey of the premises discovers the presiding genius talking over the fence to the next-door maid, upon the necessity of servants' protective unions, and the mystery of the worn-out kettle is solved.

The pleasant experience of going into the kitchen to concoct some delicate dish for an invalid and finding our one particular saucepan greasy and red with rust, if it has no holes burned in it, will open the thoughtful housekeeper's eyes to the value and necessity of every article being well dried before being placed away in the closet. After drying with a cloth, place upside down upon the plate warmer, if you have one. If not place them on the cool part of the stove, until dry and warm.

A little attention to the details I have mentioned will save a great deal of annoyance and vexation, will keep your kitchen utensils in a cleanly, healthful condition, and give Bridget to understand that not only the outsides are to be looked after, but the insides as well.—*Mary Elizabeth Frye, in the Woman's Magazine.*

ABOUT LAMPS.

Don't have in every room a beautiful lamp, softened and shaded so that it is "just light enough to see how dark it is." The "dim religious light" is becoming and æsthetic, but somewhere—wherever the most reading is done—we want a good, strong light. I have in my mind a picture of a great six-foot man, whom I know, wandering helplessly around, from one shaded, lace-trimmed lamp to another, trying "to find a lamp without a petticoat," by which to read his evening paper. Let the useful German student, or the Argand drop light, hold a place of honor especially if there are very young or old eyes to bend over the printed page. There are many lamps, beautiful to lighten a dark corner, that are useless on a centre table. There has been a species of carved brass shades invented lately, set here and there with great bull's-eyes of colored glass. Beware of it! It is fair to look on, but difficult to read by. First, the light through the red bull's eye will smite your long-suffering optic, and if you dodge that, it is only to fall into the more pensive blue. After prancing around one of these shades a whole evening, I went to bed and dreamed I was looking at fire-works all night.

Rose is the prettiest all over color for a shade, and yellow next; blue is apt to make people look a little ghastly. There are all kinds of crocheted, silk, ribbon, lace and paper shades, but they all lose their color before long if put on next to the glass shade, and then they look so scorched and forlorn, and show so plainly that they "have seen better days," that one regrets the time spent in making them. I saw some pretty shades lately made of pink and yellow crape. They were just big circles of the crape, with a hole cut in the middle for the chimney and top of the shade. The lower edge was trimmed with lace. They fell in soft folds, and shaded a lamp without extinguishing it.

Now a word as to the care of lamps, which few servants understand. They should be perfectly clean, and filled every day. The wick should be rubbed off, not cut, and the chimneys washed whenever they are the least smoked with a little ammonia and water, which clears them instantly. There is nothing that will reward your care more, for a pretty, well-trimmed lamp lends beauty to a whole room, while a smoky, bad-smelling one will destroy an entire evening's pleasure.—*Congregationalist.*

MAKING CHILDREN HAPPY.

"I try so hard to make my children happy," said a wearied mother, with a deep sigh, one day in despair at her efforts. "*Stop trying,*" exclaimed a practical friend at her elbow, "and do as a neighbor of mine does." "*And* how is that?" she added dolefully. "Why, she simply lets her children grow and develop naturally, only directing their growth properly. She always throws them, as far as practicable upon their own resources, teaches them to wait upon themselves, no matter how many servants she has, and to construct their own playthings. When she returns home from an absence they await but one thing—their mother's kiss. Whatever has been bought for them is bestowed when the needed time comes. Nothing exciting is allowed to them at night, and they go to bed and to sleep in a wholesome mental state that insures restful slumber. They are taught to love Nature, and to feel that there is nothing arrayed so finely as the lily of the field, the bees and the butterflies; that there is nothing so mean as a lie, nor anything so miserable as disobedience; that it is a disgrace to be sick, and that good health, good teeth and good temper come from plain food, plenty of sleep and being good." In order to thrift, children require a certain amount of "letting alone." Supreme faith in the mother, few toys, no luxury, plain food, no drugs and early to bed are the best things for making them happy.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

SLEEPING HABITS.

A young mother writes to the *Household*:—Both of my children take their day naps at regular hours always, and go to bed for the night at seven o'clock in summer and six in winter. Two healthier, happier little "comforts" would be hard to find. They are never rocked to sleep, consequently a great deal of valuable time is saved, and I am sure they are better off. I put them down (in separate cribs yet) at six o'clock, turn out the light and go downstairs. The older one usually sings herself to sleep, and the baby never whimpers, but is soon off for the land of *Nod*.

How did I bring this about? By beginning early enough. A great many mothers are deterred from an attempt to form the non-rocking habit because it is so hard to hear their children cry. Indeed it is! Every pitiful wail produces an answering response from the loving mother's heart; but if you begin almost with their first consciousness, most of this may be avoided. Don't wait till the child has learned that a lap is a very cozy, comfortable resting-place, but begin before it has begun to discriminate between a lap and a bed. Be sure it is warm, dry and well fed, and then place it comfortably in bed, and before the bright eyes have glistened there long, the snowy lids will droop, and Miss Baby will have forgotten her infantile troubles in a healthful sleep.

It requires perseverance, to be sure, but ah! what a bountiful harvest you reap some hot day, when you can dispose the restless midget in a darkened room and go about your duties, without being wrought up to the highest nervous pitch by trying to woo sleep to the fidgety, long-suffering baby, who, of course, grows proportionately more restless as you become tired and probably impatient. I have tried it successfully with two children, totally different in temperament and disposition, and I know it can be done. You can readily tell by the manner of the child's crying whether it be in pain or in a temper.

HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCES.

The ease with which housework can be done depends very largely upon the conveniences at one's disposal. With a washing machine and a wringer a large washing can easily be disposed of. With a mop wringer the most disagreeable part of the drudgery of cleaning floors is reduced to a minimum. With a bread-mixer the making of bread is rendered easy. A carpet-sweeper is invaluable, as it raises no dust, and is its own dust-pan. A dish-cloth with a handle saves the hands; a bit of soil-cloth ravelled is good for a handled dish-cloth. A drawer or box, with hammer, monkey-wrench, awls, screw-drivers, pincers, files, saws, and such other tools as one needs in frequent household jobbery, is of great value. Another drawer with tacks, nails, screws, wire, is necessary. Still another for strings and for wrapping paper. There should be a writing-desk or table in every house fitted up with writing materials, pens, ink, paper, envelopes, pen-wiper, erasor, scissors, paper-cutter, waste-basket, mucilage or paste; if possible, a letter-weight; and hung up or tacked up close by a calendar and rates of postage. Supplied thus one can do a great many things easily. A man that can afford to use tobacco can afford to furnish his family with these conveniences. Money spent by women in gewgaws and trifles, if invested in these articles, would bring large returns of substantial aid and satisfaction.

RECIPES.

FRENCH STRAWS.—Eight eggs, ten ounces of sugar, flour sufficient to form a dough, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon and nutmeg, mixed. Beat the eggs very thick, add the sugar, spice and flour to make a dough. Roll it about half an inch thick, cut it in slips the length of your finger, give each one a twist, and drop them in boiling lard. When cool, sift white sugar over them.

RICE CAKE.—Boil a quart of milk, and mix with it three tablespoonful of rice flour made smooth in a little cold milk. When it has boiled fifteen minutes, put in two ounces of butter. Have your cups rinsed in cold water and pour in the mixture; when cold they may be turned out and will retain their forms. They may be surrounded with boiled custard, and will look like hills of snow.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING (a two-guinea prize plum pudding).—Out of five hundred recipes sent the Queen, the following was awarded the prize: One pound of raisins, one pound of suet, chopped fine, three quarters pound of stale bread crumbs, one-quarter pound of brown sugar, grated rind of one lemon, one-quarter pound of flour, one pound of currants, one-half of a nutmeg, grated, five eggs, one-half pint of orange juice, one-half pound of minced candied orange peel. Clean, wash and dry the currants. Stone the raisins. Mix all the dry ingredients well together. Beat the eggs, add to them the orange juice, then pour them over the dry ingredients and thoroughly mix. Pack into greased small kettles or moulds (this will make about six pounds), and boil for six hours at the time of making and six hours when wanted for use.

PUZZLES.

A STRANGE TALE.

Fast to the parent stalk we cling,
And where our cradles gently swing—
With silk-fringed curtains canopied—
Plumed sentinels watch overhead.

Unwarned there came a shocking day,
And we were rudely snatched away,
And hung suspended in the air,
As if a felon's shame to share.

There left to wither, fade and dry,
We seemed a lingering death to die;
But still we held life's germ secure,
For life can wondrously endure.

What seemed a worse fate came at last.
For in an iron cage made fast
Our captors held us o'er a fire
Where salamanders might expire,

But now a *miracle behold!*
White, fleecy wings from us unfold;
We would have sprung into the air
Were we not held close captives there.

But fair hands gave us quick release;
And then it did their fancy please
To mould us into forms so sweet
That all declare us good to eat.

ANAGRAMS: NAMES OF FISHES.

1. I bite what?
2. Rum bates.
3. Pet door.
4. E. grants so.
5. Kick St. Caleb.
6. Had she her drake, mam?
7. Hoanner.
8. I propose.
9. Tan us, ma?
10. Earl Pym.
11. Flip mush.
12. A hat Lee.
13. Drag run.
14. My tone G.
15. Only sing D.

WHAT IS THIS?

Am I a brute and destitute of sense?
None can deny I have intelligence,
I stand in fire, but I am not consumed;
To *grappling* service I am sometimes doomed;
See me in saw-mills, having duties such
As are performed by claw, or catch, or clutch,
And severs mechanical I often rate,
By changing motion of a working tool.

BEHEADINGS.

I travel with the *storm*—behead me, and *I'm* heard with the herd; again, and I cause trouble; again, I am part of a bird; curtail, I am a success; behead, I am a preposition. Curtail me, and I am a vowel.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NUMBER 3.

WHAT AM I.—

The kangaroo.

EXTENDED PUZZLE.—
Norway
Waymarks
Marksman
Manor
Orleans.

A SQUARE WITHIN A SQUARE.—

A L P I A
L E A R N
P E A N E
I R A T E
A N N E X

LETTER ENIGMA.—Whirlwinds.

PUZZLERS HEARD FROM.

Leonard T. Floyd and Florence May send correct answers to the Christmas puzzles. Let us hear from many others during the coming fortnight. *Ed. Messenger.*

The Family Circle.

AT THE GATE.

"For behold, the kingdom of God is within you."

Thy kingdom here!
Lord, can be it?
Searching and seeking everywhere
For many a year,
"Thy kingdom come" has been my prayer:
Was that dear kingdom all the while so near?

Blinded and dull
With selfish sin
Have I been sitting at the gates
Called beautiful,
Where Thy fair angel stands and waits
With hands upon the lock to let me in?

Was I the wall
Which barred the way,
Darkening the glory of Thy grace,
Hiding the ray
Which, shining out as from Thy very face,
Had shown to other men the perfect day?

Was I the bar
Which shut me out
From the full joyance which they taste
Whose spirits are
Within Thy paradise embraced—
Thy blessed paradise, which seems so far?

Let me not sit
Another hour,
Idly waiting what is mine to win,
Blinded in wit.
Lord Jesus, rend these walls of self and sin,
Beat down the gate, that I may enter in.

—*English Pulpit.*

THE STUPID COUPLE.

AN EPISODE OF THE ATLANTIC.

"The stupid couple," at least that was what the other passengers called them during the first few days of the voyage after the ship had sailed from Queenstown. Not that they were so very stupid either, but people readily get nicknames on board a vessel, and a nickname once acquired is apt to stick.

John Pierrepoint and his wife had come on board the "Shasta" at Queenstown by the last tender a few minutes before the propeller commenced to revolve slowly, and they had not yet found their stateroom when the signal, "Full speed ahead," passed from the bridge to the engine-room, and the throbbing of the great engines told all old travellers that their voyage was commenced in earnest, and that, till the ship entered New York harbor, the engines would not rest a moment from their work of driving the great ship on. The saloon of the "Shasta" was quite full of cabin passengers, and she had many steerage and second cabin passengers as well. She was the largest and newest ship of the line and was commanded by the company's commodore, Capt Hood, a general favorite, and known among old travellers to and from America as the luckiest skipper that had ever sailed the Atlantic. Perhaps it was because there were so many of those seasoned travellers, wise in the ways of steamers, on board, that John Pierrepoint and his wife seemed to be particularly inexperienced in travel and therefore deserving of being called stupid. They must certainly never have taken a long voyage before; they showed no disposition to struggle for what some thought the best seats at table, and they accepted without a grumble the stateroom assigned to them, which was one of the smallest in the ship. In fact, they were too easily satisfied. The Pierrepoints were reserved because they knew no one on board; but this seemed to give them no concern, they being perfectly satisfied with their own society. Many of the American families and other passengers had known each other at home or had met before, either in other ships or travelling about in Europe, and were like a large party of old friends

This journey in autumn to America was what the Pierrepoints called their wedding trip, but it was a long deferred one, for they had been married nearly six years, and had left three little children at home in careful hands. Before they were married they had really settled to go to America for their wedding trip; but just then Mr. Pierrepoint had inherited a property, and each year afterwards something had happened to prevent their plan from being carried out.

The weather was splendid out in the Atlantic. The ocean had its long, low roll, sometimes showing a ripple where the wind touched it tenderly, and sometimes crisped by a light breeze, which generally died away at sunset, and each day the voyagers saw a red sun sinking into the water right ahead. At length, one afternoon, the voyage was half over—mid-Atlantic had been reached. Pierrepoint and his wife were far aft on the poop, close to the rail, he reading and she knitting, as their custom was. She is a fair, gracious woman, with gray eyes and squirrel-colored hair, perhaps about twenty-five years of age. He is a long-limbed, well-knit fellow of thirty, deep-chested and lean, black-haired, with a crisp beard and tawny skin. He is dressed in one of his old white-flannel cricketing suits, with a hat of the same stuff. People were pretty much what they liked on deck, and this was John Pierrepoint's fancy; while some of the other gentlemen, with tall hats, glorious scarfs, diamond pins, and everything else to match, endeavored by their dress to fascinate the ladies who were sitting or walking about the deck in all the brilliant colors of a flower-garden.

There was one passenger who attracted more attention than any other, and this was not a young lady nor a gentleman with a diamond pin; he was simply a little boy of eight. But then he was Capt. Hood's son, and every one wished to be friendly with him and to amuse him. He had made friends of all the passengers and was quite at home on board, and now was running to and fro on the poop among the groups of ladies and gentlemen, rolling a great colored ball of hollow India rubber

Capt Hood's home was on the Hudson a few miles from New York city. His elder children were girls and little Jack was his only son. It had been an old promise that as soon as Jack was eight years of age his father was to take him on a voyage to England and back, indeed, from the time that Jack was four years old he had talked about this great treat he was to have; and in the meantime his interest in nautical matters grew large by watching the craft of all kinds passing up and down the Hudson right in front of the windows of their house. When the time came, and Capt. Hood saw that he could take Jack over, his mother was very unwilling to let him go She feared some harm might happen to him, and raised all the difficulties and objections she possibly could; but Jack and his father carried the day. The first eastern run of the "Shasta" was a chance not to be missed, and the weather was very fine and settled. Mrs. Hood with her daughters came down to the wharf at New York to see the steamer off. Her last words to her husband were, "Remember, if you don't bring Jack safe home, you needn't come without him." The captain remembered these words later. He replied, "All right, little woman; we'll be back with you for breakfast some fine morning in less than five weeks."

During the voyage to Liverpool all went well. The chief stewardess took Jack under her special care and he slept in her cabin. While the ship was in the Mersey, Jack and his friend the stewardess went to stay at a farm in Lancashire, and only came down a day or two before the steamer sailed on her present voyage. The boy was now quite accustomed to life on board a steamer, and went where he liked all over the ship; the bridge and the steerage were the only forbidden places. He had become quite friendly with many of the sailors and he had not the least objection to a confidential chat with some of the grimy and half-naked stokers, most of them Irishmen, who came up on deck when they could, from the depths of the stoke-hole, to get a breath of fresh air. The solemn old Scotch engineer was his particular favorite.

On this very day, when the voyage was supposed to be half over, and before the passengers came on deck to enjoy the evening sun, the conversation at dinner had turned upon the subject of persons falling overboard from a ship going fast and the chances of saving them. Various persons at the table told their experiences of such matters, and after a little it seemed that the passengers who were joining in the discussion had formed themselves into two parties, one of which, comprising chiefly the landsmen and younger travellers on board, seemed to hold the opinion that it was a simple enough matter to pick a person up who had fallen over in daylight and in fine weather. "If he can swim," they said, "he can keep himself up till a boat is lowered and rows to him. If he can't swim, some one who can jumps overboard and holds him up till both are rescued. Or a life-buoy is thrown to him and that keeps him up." But they had to admit that they had never seen it done.

The other party at table, headed by some captains of ships who were passengers by the "Shasta" and some of the older travellers, were of a different opinion. They said that help almost always came too late, and that no matter how quickly a boat is lowered the person who has fallen over is left so far astern that he sinks before he can be found; that, from a boat, it is very difficult to see such a small object as a man's head among the hollows of the waves, and this even in fine weather and with good light. If a man is a very good swimmer and has presence of mind, he has some chance, for he can keep himself up a long time; and if a boat is sent after him he can call to it or signal it when he happens to rise on a wave at the same time that the boat rises.

Shortly after this the passengers came on deck. They did not know that this day the thing they had been talking about was to be enacted before their eyes.

Jack Hood was rolling his great ball and rushing about after it screaming with delight, when suddenly, after a strong throw, it fell on the rail, and then, with a bound, into the sea. The child stood still with amazement for a second, and then, running to where his ball had disappeared, he climbed on the rail to see what had become of it; and before any hand could reach him he had fallen over into the waves. The terrified passengers saw him rise to the surface and stretch out his arms, while the seething foam from the ship's propeller turned him round and round in the water and the ship rushed on leaving him behind. The Pierrepoints were not very near the place where little Jack fell over; they were at the other side of the deck; but Mrs. Pierrepoint, when she saw him climbing, laid her hand quickly on her husband's shoulder. He looked up instantly, and following her eyes to the spot, saw the boy just as he fell. In one moment he was on his feet, kicked off his canvas shoes, threw his hat on the deck, and turning his face towards the bridge, where he knew some of the ship's officers were always stationed, he called out in a voice which rang like a trumpet call over the ship, "Man overboard!" Then, with a quick run and leap, he had cleared the rail, and the broken, twisting water of the ship's track had closed over him. He was on the surface again in a moment, and taking a glance back at the ship to know his position, stretched out into a long, steady stroke in the direction where he knew the child was.

Great confusion and excitement fell upon the passengers, but not upon the officers of the ship. Capt. Hood was standing on the bridge talking to the second officer when he heard the cry of "Man overboard!" He looked aft and saw a man disappearing over the stern; then he saw in the steamer's wake two heads, one dark and the other small and fair, and farther away, floating high, the colored ball. A sailor who was cleaning some brasswork near the stern ran forward, calling out to the captain, "Your son has fallen overboard, sir, and a passenger has jumped after him." The captain's hand was on the engine-room telegraph, and down into the depths of the ship went the signals. The engines were going full speed and working well, when the telegraph bell rang, and the index, which pointed to "Full speed ahead," moved across the dial to "Stand by." There was a general cry of "What's wrong?" Again the bell rang, and the index pointed to "Stop." The engines came to a stand, the revolutions of the propeller stopped, a strange quiet fell on the engine-room, and the tremor all over the ship ceased. They all watched the telegraph. The bell rang again, and the index moved to "Astern—slow," and again in a minute or two to "Half."

The engineer now had time to speak. "What's wrong on deck? One of you run up and bring down word quick."

Mickey, a fireman with bare feet and bare shoulders, was standing at the foot of the almost perpendicular iron ladder, and at the engineer's word he ran up as nimbly as a monkey. But he did not return, and in a few minutes another man went up, who returned immediately, all breathless, and told the others that he had seen Mickey in the boat which had been sent off to the rescue. All who could then went up on deck to see the result. The head engineer would not quit his post. The reversing of the engines had now brought the steamer to a stand. The next signal came down, "Slow," and the good steamer moved slowly backward on her track.

When the first alarm was given, and while the captain, who never lost his presence of mind for a moment, was communicating with the engine-room, he made a sign to the second officer, who called out, "Man overboard! Stand by to lower away the gig." The sailors who were on deck ran to obey this order. A boat's crew of four hands and a coxswain were at once ready. The boat was safely lowered and the men were at their oars. Before she cast off the coxswain cried, "I want a man for the boat's bow." Mickey, the fireman, waited for no orders, but laying hold of the ropes swung himself over and slid down into the bow of the boat, which at once rowed quickly away. Before it set off Mrs. Pierrepoint ran over to the side and threw down into the boat's stern the Scotch plaid on which her husband had been lying.

Mrs. Pierrepoint was quite calm, but the other passengers seemed afraid to approach her; they did not know just what to say—whether to congratulate her on her husband's daring or to condole with her upon his danger. Some of the ladies were in hysterics; all were watching with the greatest concern the course of the boat and trying to make out the child and the swimmer among the waves far astern, for the steamer had run more than a quarter of a mile before the boat was ready to leave her.

(*To be Continued.*)

TO BOYS COMMENCING BUSINESS.

Be on hand promptly in the morning at your place of business, and make it a point never to be late, and perform cheerfully every duty. Be respectful to your employers, and to all in authority over you, and be polite to every one; politeness costs nothing, and it will help you wonderfully in getting on in the world. And above all, be honest and truthful. The boy who starts in life with a sound mind in a sound body, who falls into no bad habits, who is honest, truthful, and industrious, who remembers with grateful love his father and mother, and who does not grow away from his church and Sunday-school, has qualities of mind and heart that will insure him success to a remarkable degree, even though he is endowed with only ordinary mental capacity; for honor, truth, and industry are more than genius.

Don't be foppish in your dress, and don't buy anything before you have the money to pay for it. Shun billiard saloons, and be careful how you spend the evenings. Cultivate a taste for reading, and read only good books. With a love for reading, you will find in books friends ever true, and full of cheer in time of gloom, and sweet companionship for lonely hours. Other friends may grow cold and forsake you, but books are always the same. And in closing, boys, I would say again, that with truth, honesty, and industry, and a living faith in God, you will succeed.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part: there all the honor lies.

—*Selected.*

A GOOD MAN.

That man's character and reputation are one, of whom it may be said, he not only does good, but he is good.

When Dr. Edward H. Robbins, of Boston, died, a stranger, seeing how many mourned for him, asked:

"Did Dr. Robbins found a benevolent institution?"

"No," replied the citizen. "He was a benevolent institution."

TORU DUTT, A YOUNG HINDOO POET.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Among my readers there are doubtless very many who are familiar with the name at the head of this paper, and to whom it stands for a graceful Hindu maiden, dusky-browed, dark eyed, with the lissome movements and dreamy charm of her race. Very young, too,—only twenty-one years and six months old when, eleven years ago, she died at her father's house in Calcutta.

Toru, the daughter of high-caste parents in Bengal, was the youngest of three gifted children and was born on the 4th of March, 1856. The trio perished early, each giving evidence of unusual genius; each, more spirit than body, so that the flame consumed the temple when only the rich promise had been given to the world.

Toru, pure Hindu, with "the typical qualities of her race and blood," imbibed in her childhood an intense love for the mystic and poetic legends which the Sanscrit, the sacred language, preserved as gleaming jewels encased in golden urns. She became a devout follower of Christ, but she could not help her delight in the beautiful antiques of her country, which have furnished the motives for so much of the most charming verse of the period. In her ballads and legends of Hindustan, written, be it remembered, not in her native tongue, but in forceful, nervous English, which, as well as French, she used with ease, facility and rare precision, she tells in strains of melody quite equal to the work of Edwin Arnold the quaint stories which the Hindu nurse sings to her child when twilight falls on the nodding palms and the silver fountains and the glittering facades of mosque or shrine.

We have all read, of course, that traditional story of the prince, fore-doomed to death, and accompanied bravely on the last journey—himself going gaily forward fearing no ill—by his devoted wife, who had received warning, and in the sublime fidelity of a perfect love was ready to dare even death in person, in the forlorn hope that she might save her husband. Toru's version of this is very lovely. The messengers sent from the Court of Death return without the soul which they had been commissioned to bring. Sternly challenged by the grim monarch and asked why they had disobeyed "the mandate with the seal," they reply:

"Oh King, whom all men fear, he lies
Deep in the dark Madhya wood.
We fled from thence in wild surprise
And left him in that solitude.
We dared not touch him, for there sits
Beside him, lighting all the place,
A woman fair, whose brow permits
In its austerity of grace
And purity, no creatures foul
As we seemed, by her lovliness,
Or soul of evil ghost or ghoul,
To venture close—"

Death, finding no minion willing, goes himself for the prince's soul and rends it away. But, undismayed, Savitri, the indomitable wife, follows him, pleads with him, gives him no rest, till her arguments conquer and the life, in the shape of the soul, "no bigger than the human thumb," is placed in her happy hands by the formidable god himself. She runs, nay, flies with the feet of a fawn, over the jungle paths, till she comes to the spot where the prince is lying, "stark and dumb,"

"Then placed his soul upon his heart,
Whence, like a bee, it found its cell,
And lo! he woke with sudden start."

Is there here an indication as to the place where the old poets, the dawn poets of the world, located the soul, in the heart, the seat of the emotions? We, in our colder age, are told that the brain is its home. Alas! let it reside in heart or brain, no despair of mournful tears, no heart-breaking agony of supplication, induces Death in our day to restore our dead to life.

Yet God forbid that we envy the pretty Pagan myth. He who has brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel has given us a better hope to sustain, a more glorious resurrection to anticipate. Not even in the wildest tempest-gust of sorrow does it ever occur to the heart of a Christian to wish back again to this changeful world, with its fatalities, its accidents, its shattered ideals and broken idols, any soul which has set sail on that everlasting sea where "beyond these voices there is peace."

But this long lyric is wonderful poetry to have been written by a girl under twenty, handicapped by the fact of writing in a foreign tongue, wrestling with foreign idioms and thinking, even though automatically translating while she thought, in a language not her own. The mother-tongue it is which is easiest to us always, in which we dream and talk in our sleep, and pray.

Here is another specimen—a love song so delicious and delicate that it sings itself over and over in our memories. No wonder that a veteran critic, with the jaded air and pessimistic expectation of one who has seen books go down in battalions, each more disappointing than its predecessor, was startled to ecstacy when opening Toru Dutt's "Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields," a shabby little volume, badly printed, and bound in yellow paper. Save the mark! He came first upon this:

"Still barred thy doors! The far East glows,
The morning wind blows fresh and free,
Should not the hour that wakes the rose
Awaken also thee?
All look for thee, Love, Light and Song,
Light in the sky, deep red above,
Song, in the lark of pinions strong,
And in my heart, true love."

Toru and her sister, Aru, who, let me say in passing, gave artistic promise almost as splendid in its way as Toru's literary genius, was taken, after a childhood spent in deep seclusion and great happiness, from Calcutta, first to France and next to England. They were placed for a while in a French pension, where their progress was simply dazzling and almost miraculous. Their father took them to Italy and to England, where at Cambridge they attended the lectures for women, studying with eager zeal and severe application. Then they went back to Bengal, where a brief four years only passed and both were gone! Consumption fastened first on one fragile life and then on the other.

One wishes, reading the list of Toru's achievements, as one always wishes when the torch burns out so soon, that there might have been attention to the laws of health, some wise economy of vitality, instead of that lavish expenditure; some care for the body, as well as for the wonderful brain. A complete romance written in French, a number of short tales, an English story in fragmentary form, many sonnets and translations, and a volume of verse, were found among her papers after Toru's death, and these were added to the "Sheaf" above mentioned, her only published work.

Of course, these were of unequal merit, but none were below mediocrity, and some were remarkable for power of conception and literary finish. No wonder that Edmund Gosse exclaims:

"It is difficult to exaggerate when we try to estimate what we have lost in the premature death of Toru Dutt. Literature has no honors which need have been beyond the grasp of a girl who, at the age of twenty-one, and in languages separated from her own by so deep a chasm, had produced so much of lasting worth."

Reading these bits of verse, as I have, with real enjoyment, I have been tempted to cull for the girl readers whom I have in mind, here a flower, there a gem. But I forbear. "Everybody does not love poetry as you do," said a girlish voice at my side. So I refrain from copying a ringing ballad about France in the spasm of 1870's darkness, and I leave unquoted the tender study called "The Tree of Life," and the exquisite sonnet which describes the garden home in Calcutta, with the palms, like pillars gray, and the bamboos to the eastward, and the white lotus with its cups of silver, and the green profound of the mangoe-clumps blending with the light green, graceful tamarinds. I will give you, instead, a stanza or two from a tender poem entitled, "Near Hastings." The two stranger girls, weary and ill, were sitting on the shingly beach, when a lady came up, saw that they were strangers, and gave them—but let Toru tell it herself:

"We talked a while; some roses red,
That seemed as wet with tears,
She gave my sister, and she said,
'God bless you both, my dears!'
"Sweet were the roses; sweet and full
And large as lotus flowers,
That in our own wide tanks we cull
To deck our Indian bowers.
"But sweeter was the love that gave
These flowers to one unknown;
I think that He who came to save,
The gift a debt will own."

Sweet child of a far-off land! Fair flower that drooped so soon! Sister and priestess in the halls of song! Over the years that divide us, be they few or many, my heart looks forward to meeting you in the many mansions where no preparation of earth is wasted, no training is in vain, where the gifted and the glorious shall go on from one degree to another in the Master's very presence.

And the thought comes, pardon it, gentle reader, though you call it a m ral, What are you and I doing, my Christian sisters, for the hosts of Hindu women of whom Toru Dutt was one? The kiss of the prince awakened the Sleeping Beauty and all her train. The touch of Christ's love shall arouse to life and beauty millions of unspeakably precious possibilities, when woman shall assume her queendom in the homes of India. What, my dear girl friends, will you do to make the time come more quickly?—*Christian Intelligencer.*

STONEWALL JACKSON'S SUNDAY KEEPING.

He never posted a letter without calculating whether it would have to travel on Sunday to reach its place of destination, and if so, he would not mail it till Monday morning. Still further did he carry his Puritanical observance. Unnumbered times have I known him to receive important letters so late on Saturday night that he would not break his fixed resolution never to use his eyes, which were very delicate, by artificial light; he would carry the letters in his pocket till Monday morning, then rise with the sun to read them.

"In the winter of '61-'62, while Jackson's forces were at Winchester, he sent a brigade to destroy the canal leading to Washington. The expedition proved a failure; and he attributed it in some measure to the fact that Sunday had been needlessly trespassed upon. So when a second expedition was planned he determined there should be no Sabbath-breaking connected with it, that he could prevent. The advance was to be made early on Monday morning. On Saturday he ordered my husband (Colonel Preston, at that time on his staff,) to see that the necessary powder was in readiness. The quarter-master could not find a sufficient quantity in Winchester on Saturday, but during Sunday it was procured. On Sunday evening the fact in some way got to Jackson's ears. At a very early hour on Monday he dispatched an officer to Shepherdstown for other powder, which was brought. Then summoning Colonel Preston, he said very decisively:

"'Colonel, I desire that you will see that the powder which is used for this expedition is not the powder that was procured on Sunday.'"—*Century.*

SEEK THE HAPPPY MEDIUM.

Mr. Scott's letter this week calls attention to the possibility of overdoing the practice of economy in domestic expenses. This is a lesson not much needed by the average American, who is much more apt to spend too thoughtlessly than to economize too carefully. Nevertheless, it is necessary for many people even in this country. The love of money is the root of all evil, and it grows on a man very fast when he begins to accumulate, if he is not very careful. Once fairly ensconced in the inner recesses of the heart this passion for accumulation is extremely difficult to eradicate or even to check.

We have known an old Scotchman who in his youth had learned to look on both sides of a penny before parting with it, and could never get over the notion that it was necessary to add to his pile every year even after he had got well up into the millions. The strange part of it was, that, being a bachelor and having no near relatives to whom he was anxious to leave any considerable portion of his fortune, he had no reason for continuing his accumulations except the pleasure he found in doing so and the ingrained idea that it was the right thing to do. Yet the good old soul (he was over eighty) took a deep interest in missions and other good work, would distribute tracts on the street and visit the sick, carrying some small comforts with him. He would give away hundreds of dollars while saving a few cents by lighting his own office fire rather than incur the expense of keeping an office-boy. He seemed really to take pleasure in giving, until he had distributed the proportion of his income which he thought it right to give away, but beyond that he could not go. He was trying to do right, but the power to do good which his immense fortune afforded was restricted within very narrow limits by the narrowing influence of the habit of accumulating. The grace of God had got hold of the man and was working in him, but the demon of avarice could not be completely cast out.

Such a case is sad enough, but it is a much more pleasant picture than that of the miser who has not come under the softening influence of God's grace. In him the love of money reigns supreme, and his soul becomes narrower and smaller till it could scarcely be discovered by a spiritual microscope of the ten thousandth power.

Avarice is a terrible disease, and though not epidemic in this country as yet, may soon become so if all the teachings with regard to personal expenditure, are confined to the duty of practising economy.

Let no one, however, take this lesson as a justification of careless extravagance. It is clearly the duty of everyone to lay by something against a rainy day if he can. Every young man should begin by making a systematic division of his income in accordance with his responsibilities: So much a week for expenses, so much for giving away, and so much for putting by. If he finds that his duty to those dependent upon him makes it impossible for him to give much, or to put by anything, he must just go ahead and trust to his Heavenly Father to care for him when the rainy day comes.

The best protection against the seductiveness of avarice is systematic and sympathetic giving, even if the sums given should be of necessity very small.—*N. Y. Witness.*

A WAY TO HELP A BAD BOY TO BE GOOD.

BY MARGARET MEREDITH.

I was talking the other day to a handsome young mechanic who has been, till now, an utterly wild fellow, and who is trying to make a stand to do right and to be saved. I thought I knew all about boys, and the possible ways to work for them, but he in a single request, suggested one of the best things I had ever heard suggested, I thought, as a help to such as he "Please get me a book that tells how a bad boy got good." Now, could anything promise better to show him the way to be saved? the actual experience of another in the same case as himself.

I supposed that the book would be as easy as possible to pick up, but it was not. Sunday-school stories of that kind are plenty, but this must be a true story. It must enter fully into the history of the change, its circumstances and its feelings, its ups and downs and difficulties, its temptations, its encouragement. I had access to a great library, and by much help and advice succeeded in getting a quarto memoir which had three pages of account of the steps of change from bad to good. Then, at the instance of a lady better versed than we of this generation are apt to be in memoirs, I sent for the "Life of John Newton;" and it proved excellent: interesting all through, and minute in its description, by Newton's own lips, of his thoughts and feelings at every stage of the struggle out of darkness into light. He was such an extremely "bad boy," to be sure, that to offer his story unasked to one not good would be likely to be considered something of an insult; but asked for, as it was—or explained, as it might be—there could be few more helpful delineations of how a very, very bad boy became very, very good.

A few such books, found out and put in your Sunday-school library, or in your own library, would probably be some day a great assistance to you in trying to guide aright a troubled, uncertain soul, who thinks perhaps at every new temptation or unexpected phase of feeling, that no one could be saved against such odds, or need hope to be saved by such unpromising struggles.—*Churchman.*

Dr. C. M. Beard, Fellow of the New York Academy of Medicine, says:—"I do not find that alcohol is so good a stimulant to thought as coffee, tea, opium, or tobacco. On myself alcohol has rather a benumbing and stupefying effect, whatever may be the dose employed."

A CHRISTIAN HEROINE.

BY REV. SAMUEL HUTCHINGS.

Princess Kapiolani was the daughter of Keawemanheli, the last king of Hilo, and descended from one of the leading families under the ancient kings of Hawaii. She was an ancestress of Queen Kapiolani, who recently visited the United States.

At the time the missionaries landed in 1820 she was intemperate, dissolute, a superstitious, dark-minded idolator, and when they first saw her she was sitting on a rock, anointing herself with cocoanut oil, while performing a heathen ceremony. But living near the missionaries, she soon acquired some knowledge of the Gospel, applied herself to study, attended Divine worship, and became not only moral, but a devout and earnest Christian. She was one of the first converts to the Christian faith in the Sandwich Islands.

When Kailua, sixteen miles from her residence, was occupied as a mission station, she and her husband, Naihe, an influential chief, repeatedly went there to hear the Gospel, and then often sent a canoe to Kailua to bring a missionary to preach to them and the people on the Sabbath. Soon they built a church at their home, near the spot where Captain Cook was killed. Not long after they built a house, and, at their invitation, Mr. Ely came in 1824 and resided there as their missionary.

Kapiolani was not only a Christian, she was a pattern to the people in civilization. She built a large framed house, enclosed a yard, cultivated flowers, and, in her dress, manners and style of living, showed herself the true Christian lady.

Though the system of *tabu*, extending to sacred days, places, persons and things, the least violation of which was punished with death, had been abolished before the arrival of the missionaries, the people were still the victims of debasing superstitions, and Kapiolani longed to do something to break the bonds in which they were held. The natives were in terrible dread of the volcano Kilauea, one of the largest and most fearful in the world. They fully believed that the goddess Pele, of immense power and a most vindictive temper, dwelt in it, and that whoever offended her would be destroyed. They therefore approached the volcano with awe, and never without peace offerings. A few years before the arrival of missionaries at Hawaii, an army was marching across the island, and, when near the peak of Kilauea a terrible eruption in the night took place. The hot lava rolled down the mountain side, the red and blue flames shot up into the air, and the ground shook so violently that it was impossible to stand. A shower of sand and cinders fell upon a part of the army, and when found by their comrades some were lying down, some sitting upright, clasping each other, but all dead. Pele, the goddess of this mountain, was believed to hurl forth flames upon those who offended her, and to propitiate her the natives threw into the crater vast numbers of hogs, both cooked and alive.

Five years after the arrival of the missionaries, and before many people had felt the power of the Gospel, Kapiolani, to show the folly of their fears about Pele, resolved to walk over the mountain, and descend into the crater. The report of her intended sacrilege caused great consternation, not only for the life of the princess, but for the safety of the island. Clinging even to her feet the people besought her with tears not to go. To their protests she said: "If I am destroyed you may all believe in Pele." Eighty of her awe-stricken friends accompanied her over the rough mountains to Hilo. Near the fiery crater a man whose duty it was to feed Pele by throwing berries into the volcano, begged her to go no farther. "And what," she said, "will be the harm?" He replied, "You will die by Pele." She answered, "I shall not die by your goddess." Soon she was met by a pretended priestess of Pele, wild with rage, who warned her against approaching the mountain without an offering. "Who are you?" demanded Kapiolani. The reply was, "One in whom Keaqua dwells." "If God dwells in you, you are wise, and can teach me. Come, sit down here." Food being offered her, she said, "I am a goddess; I will not eat." She held in her hand a piece of bark cloth. "This," she said, "is a *palapala*" (a writing). "Read it to me," said the princess. Holding the cloth before her eyes she muttered a medley of unintelligible words. Kapiolani then produced her Christian books and hymns, and said: "You pretend to deliver a message from your goddess, which none of us can understand. I will read a message you can understand, for I to have a *palapala*." She then read several passages, and spoke to her concerning Jehovah, the true God, who made all things, and Jesus Christ, the only Saviour. The haughty priestess confessed that Keakua had left her, and she could make no reply. She then joined in the repast.

Accompanied by Mr. Richards, a missionary, who met her at the volcano, and her attendants, she descended into the crater, and standing on a black ledge five hundred feet below the top, she there in full view of the awful scene, calmly said to the terrified people: "Jehovah is my God. He kindled these fires. I fear not Pele. If I perish by her anger, then you may fear her power; but if Jehovah saves me from the wrath of Pele when I break through her *tabu*, then you must fear and love the Lord Jehovah. All the gods of Hawaii are vain. Great is the goodness of Jehovah in sending missionaries to turn us from these vanities to the living God." Then they sang a hymn of praise, and at her request Alapai, one of her attendants, led them in prayer, all bowing in adoration. At the brink of the crater she gathered a handful of obelo berries, sacred to Pele, which, instead of throwing into the crater as a peace offering, she ate, and then cast stones into the fiery gulf, an act highly offensive to Pele. She was the first native who had ever ventured down the crater. Thus the power of Pele was broken. "All the district," said the headman of Kapiolani to Mr. Ruggles, "see that she is not injured, and pronounce Pele to be powerless."

On arriving at the mission station, Kapiolani, though weary and lame from the long walk, would not rest till she had secured lodging for her party, and united with them in evening worship. She told the missionaries she had come to help them in their work. "Not a person," said Mr. Ruggles, "came into her presence without receiving her Christian counsel or reproof. She was ten days with us, which time she faithfully spent in going about doing good."

In 1826 she was admitted to the church. She soon after helped to establish a Missionary Society among her people, which contributed the first year fifty dollars in aid of the mission. Once, when visiting the mission, she said: "I love to go to the house of God, for then I forget all about this world. When among the chiefs I hear so much said about money, and cloth, and land, and ships, and bargains, that it makes me sick, and I wish to go where I can hear about God, and Christ, and Heaven. This cures all my sickness, and I never get tired of it." At one time, when dangerously ill, she said: "I wish to suffer patiently the will of God. If it be His will I have a desire to depart and be with Him; then I shall be free from sin. Once I exceedingly feared death, but Christ has taken away its sting." Speaking once of the happiness of the Hawaiians in receiving the Gospel, she said, with hands clasped and tears in her eyes: "Our happiness is the joy of the captive just freed from prison."

A Christian gentleman who visited the Sandwich Islands in 1829 says of her: "She is so intelligent, so amiable, so lady-like in her whole character, that no one can become acquainted with her without feelings of more than ordinary interest and respect."

She died in 1841, after a consistent Christian life, honored and loved by all the people.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

ALL OF ONE FAMILY.

The great city railway station was crowded with gay, well-dressed people, on their way to some summer resort in the mountains or by the sea. In odd contrast to them was a group of ragged Italian emigrants, with whom a uniformed official was arguing angrily.

"I tell you this is not your station?" raising his voice, as people are apt to do to foreigners. "At the other end of the city. Emigrant station. Two miles. Come, clear out!"

The man of the party shook his head stolidly, muttering "Tollido" as his sole answer, and holding out a bit of written paper.

"Toledo, Ohio," read the train-hand. "The idea of a lot of wretches as stupid as dogs going half round the world with nothing but that scrap of paper to guide them!" he ejaculated to his companions.

He bustled away, and the emigrants shrank back into their corner. The man looked at his pale, hunger-bitten little girl and his wife, and then at the groups who were chattering and laughing about him. Some young girls drew their light dresses aside as they passed him, and a sour-looking, middle-aged woman muttered something to them about "the country being an asylum for paupers." The poor Italian scowled with bitter envy at a party of young, fashionable men. He carried a stick, with a few rags in a bundle; they were equipped with costly rifles and fishing tackle.

Maletesta looked as though he felt himself an outcast from the happy human race. There was no tie between him and these well-to-do people.

A moment later there was a cry, a fall, and a sudden rush of the crowd toward him. His child, a pretty little girl, had slid from her mother's knee and lay on the stone floor as if dead. The wretched Italian threw himself down beside her.

"Ah Gila! *Figlia mia!*" he cried, in a voice that made the tears start to the eyes of many a woman.

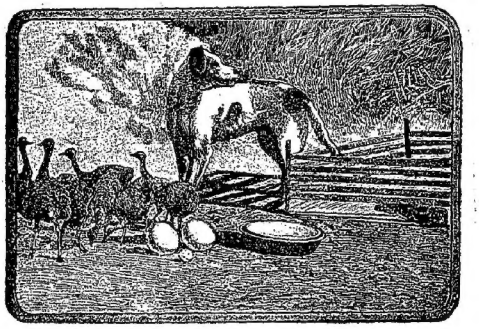
In a moment the great room was alive with help and friendliness. One of the young men had the child on his knee.

"I am a physician," he said, quietly. "She is not dead. It is only the heat and—hunger. Jem, go to the nearest drug-store and bring"—lowering his voice. "And, Will, get some milk from the restaurant."

The young men dropped their guns and rods, and ran; old men, young girls, and negro waiters crowded forward with help. When the child recovered, a dozen eager hands led Maletesta and his wife to the eating-room, and somebody went round with a hat, collecting a fund for their relief. The young doctor still held the child, feeding it carefully, when the old lady, no longer haughty and sour, came up to him.

"As soon as the baby is fit to travel, I will take them all home with me. The man is a vine-dresser, it seems, and my husband is a grape-grower in New Jersey. They shall have their own roof over their heads before night."

The Italian and his wife stood beside her, crying and smiling and crossing themselves. They were believers in the Pope, the doctor was a Baptist, and the good woman a Methodist, but the single touch of suffering had made them all children of one Father.—*Youth's Companion.*



OSTRICHES TWO WEEKS OLD.

TWO LETTERS.

"I wish I could see my uncle John Tyler," said Tommy, puckering up his forehead, and looking as though he would as lief cry about it as not. "I just wish I could, now!"

"Well, you can't," said Daffy, nodding her curly head, "and so it isn't any use to wish. Because he's away out to California—as much as twenty hundred miles from here I wouldn't wonder—and he isn't coming home for a year."

"And a year is twelve months, and a month is four weeks, and a week is seven days, and a day is twenty-four hours, and an hour is sixty minutes, and a minute is sixty seconds," piped Ben, cheerfully. "I learned that in my deduction tables."

"Oh, de-ar!" quavered Tommy. "I'm 'fraid he won't ever come home long's I live."

"Why, yes, he will," said Tommy's mother, who had just that minute finished getting the baby to sleep. "A year isn't a very long time, dear. And you may write him a letter now, if you want to; that'll be next thing to talking to him."

"Oh, can I?" cried Tommy, delighted. "With pen and ink, mamma?"

"With a pencil," said his mother, smiling.

"And I'll tell you how, dear, while I'm sewing my patchwork," said motherly Daffy.

"And I'll write it for you, Tommy," said Ben, "I'd just as lieves as not."

But Tommy didn't like that idea a bit; because if Ben did the writing, and Daffy told him what to say, where would be his own letter to uncle John? He scowled a little.

"I'm going to write it myself in printing," he said, looking at Ben, severely.

"So you shall, dear," Daffy said. "Shan't he, mother?"

"If he can," her mother answered.

But he couldn't, as it turned out. His poor little fingers balled for half an hour, maybe, over "Dear Uncle John," and when it was written, mother herself couldn't have told what it was, if she had not known.

"Hadn't you better let Ben write for you, Tommy?" she asked. It's hard work, you know.

But Tommy shook his head, half-crying. "Then it wouldn't be my very own letter," he said. "Oh, de-ar!"

All at once Daffy jumped up and ran out of the room. When she came back she brought the mucilage-bottle and an old A-B-C book.

"I've thought of a plan," cried she, "a real nice one, See, dear, you can cut the letters right out of this book; they're big, you know, and it's all to pieces, besides, and stick 'em on a sheet of paper, just the same as if you were really, truly writing. Won't that be fun?"

"Yes'um, it will!" cried Tommy, gleefully, scrambling for the scissors. And of course it would be; but whoever but Daffy would have thought of such a thing?

After that the letter progressed finely. Daffy told what to say and how to spell it, for her part, and Tommy cut out the letters for his part, besides helping Ben a good deal ab ut sticking them in place, though Ben privately thought he could have done a great deal better without the aid of Tommy's clumsy little fingers, as I do not doubt he could, myself.

However, the letter was a great success; the lines were really much straighter than could have been expected, under the circumstances, and the print might be read across the room, it was so plain. Tommy was highly pleased; he did not want to let it go out of his sticky little hands, for a minute.

"You'll muss it all up, dear," said wise Daffy. "Now sister'll read it to you one time more, and then we'll let Ben take it to the post-office."

So Daffy read the letter—which I haven't room to write here—about the deep snow, and the baby's cunning tricks, and the new bossy-calf, and Tommy's reading through the primer twice and having the whooping-cough. Mother laughed slyly as she listened, but she felt that it could not fail to be a very interesting letter to uncle John Tyler.

Then Daffy folded it and put it in the envelope, and Tommy sealed it and lapped the mucilage all off of two stamps before he got one securely stuck in the upper-right-hand corner, and mother directed it, and Ben ran down to the office with it in a hurry.

"Now, when will I get it back?" demanded Tommy. "To-morrow, s'pose?"

"Oh, no," laughed Daffy. "Maybe you won't for two weeks, dear."

"O-oh, now!" said Tommy.

"And perhaps not for three weeks," said mother. "You mustn't be disappointed if you don't."

"Oh, de-ar!" said Tommy. "I ca-ant wait!"

But he could, you know, and he did, though not so long as me her had said he might have to. It was just two weeks to a day from the time Ben carried the letter to the office till he brought home a big white envelope with two stamps on it, directed plain as plain could be to "Master Thomas H. Pulsifer."

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Tommy, and it wasn't a minute, no, it wasn't ten seconds before he had it open. And out on the floor dropped two bits of cardboard.

"Pictures!" cried Daffy, almost as much excited as Tommy, himself, was. "Why, what are they?"

"Why, what is 'em?" echoed Tommy, regardless of grammer. "Eggs and a dog and—and chickens—and—and!"—

"Ostriches," laughed mother. "Don't you know that uncle John is on an ostrich farm? Bring me your letter, dear, and we'll see what about it:

So Tommy carried the letter to mother, hugging the pictures close all the while. And this is what was about it:

"MY DEAR LITTLE TOMMY.—Your letter came safe and sound, and I was very much pleased with it, because I could read it without my glasses. I know you will want an answer right back, and as I haven't much time to write, I am going to send you some pictures which I'm sure you will like better than any stupid letter. One of them is a photograph of the first ostriches which were hatched here after I came, and which are now more than a year old; the other is of chicks two weeks old, two ostrich-eggs with a hen's egg beside them, and my dog Floss."

"Oh, how little the hen's egg is!" cried Daffy. "It isn't any bigger than one of my wax beads."

"That's 'cause the other eggs are so big, goosey," said Ben, with all the wisdom of ten years.

"But don't the chickens look funny, and isn't the dog cute?"

"Uncle John says he's going to send Daffy a plume for her best bonnet this spring," smiled mother, who had read the letter through.

"When he knows I don't wear 'em, any more than he does glasses," Daffy laughed merrily. "The idea of uncle John Tyler wearing glasses!"

"The idea!" murmured Tommy, hugging his pictures tight.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE BEST PREPARATION.

"I suppose it is dreadfully wicked to say so, but other books help me more than the Bible does." The girl with the book in her hand (one of Pansy's latest) looked up expecting sharp reproof.

"What book, for instance?" was the question quietly put.

"This," holding it up.

"How does it help you more than the Bible does?"

"Because the people in it are real,—like me. They are helped as I want to be helped. I suppose it is wicked," she repeated half defiantly, half penitently.

"The truth is God's truth anywhere; you mean Pansy interprets it to you?"

"Yes," with a relieved inflection; "does any other book help you more than the Bible?"

"No; nothing begins to help me like the Bible."

"I go to Sabbath school altogether for the books; I never care about the lessons." She had grown bolder with the withheld rebuke.

"If you did not care for Pansy's book, if it were stupid and did not help you, would you think it the author's fault?"

"I certainly should; I will not read the second chapter of any book whose first does not interest me."

"If the Bible does not interest and help you do you consider it the fault of the author?"

The question was quietly put, but it brought a frightened look into the eyes of the listener.

"Perhaps it is my teacher's fault," she answered quickly and sullenly. "Tell me how the Bible helps you?"

"The same way Pansy's books help you; the people are real to me; they are helped as I want to be helped."

"People ages ago real to you!" was the unsatisfied and incredulous exclamation.

"God is not ages ago; he is now."

As her listener did not reply the teacher continued: "I read the Bible to learn about him. What God says himself is more to me than any interpretation the wisest, holiest saint can put upon his words or his ways. I do not care so much for David, but I care for what I learn about God through David's sins, his successes, his disappointments, his human interests is like mine; not so much for Hannah, or Dorcas, or any one whom God put upon the earth for the same relationship to himself. He will be just as good to me as he was to them, and that is why I want to know how good he was to them. As it is God's heart, and mind, and will, and work I am learning, I find myself as much in his book as they were; turn a leaf and there my life is, with God in it, over it, through every hour of it, as he was in their lives. The Bible is as intensely interesting to me as God is; God speaking is God speaking to me; he means me everywhere."

"That is too wonderful for me."

"Begin it, then; come up to it little by little. Think of it every day and every night as illustrating God's commands, promises, and then you will love God's book with such perfect satisfaction that you will turn hungry from every other."

"Yes, so I would, if I felt that way," the listener acknowledged.

"I was thoroughly aroused to a delight in the Bible at thirteen," continued the teacher, "and that delight has increased with every year; it is now in absorbing and daily increasing satisfaction. It is God speaking to me in every breath I breathe."

The girl looked down upon the book in her hand. "It is more to you, then, than my book is to me. You cannot tell me how it became so?" with a wistfulness in her voice.

"I think I can. When I was a young girl I heard a sermon upon the text 'Open thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.' The preacher told us to pray that prayer every time we opened the Bible. And I do."

"Do you have something new every day?"

"Every day that I ask for it."

"But, don't you think—" the girl was roused with her sudden inspiration. "Don't you think that is a selfish way to love the Bible?"

"Certainly, if it ended with myself; but if we love it we will live it. We can't help doing so."

"I begin to understand. The Bible is more to me now than it was half an hour ago. I believe I would ask nothing more than to love it and help others to love it."—*S. K. W. in Westminster Teacher.*

CHURCH MOORINGS.

An old sea-captain was riding in the cars, and a young man sat down by his side. He said:

"Young man, where are you going?"

"I am going to Philadelphia to live."

"Have you any letters of introduction?"

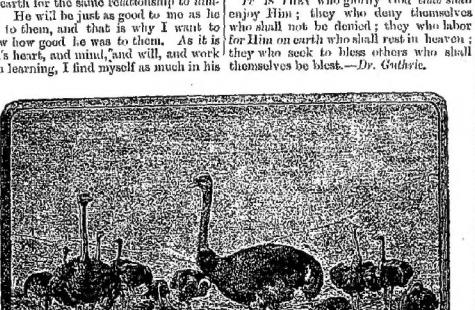
"Yes," said the young man, and he pulled some of them out.

"Well," said the old sea-captain, "have you a church certificate?"

"Oh, yes," said the young man, "I did not suppose you desired to look at that."

"Yes," said the sea-captain, "I want to look at that. As soon as you reach Philadelphia, present that to some Christian church. I am an old sailor, and I have been up and down in the world, and it is my rule as soon as I get into port to fasten my ship fore and aft to the wharf, although it may cost a little wharfage, rather than have my ship out in the stream floating hither and thither with the tide."—*Leaves of Light.*

IT IS THEY who glorify God that shall enjoy Him; they who deny themselves who shall not be denied; they who labor for Him on earth who shall rest in heaven; they who seek to bless others who shall themselves be blest.—*Dr. Guthrie.*



OSTRICHES A YEAR OLD.

THE MARKET GARDENER'S SON GIVING IN.

I recall the case of a youth, about sixteen years old, whose spiritual destiny hinged upon a vegetable cart. His father had been a prosperous merchant, but had changed his business to that of a nurseryman and failed, so that he and his large family were obliged to come down to a style of living which deeply touched the pride of his children. None felt it as closely and keenly as this son, who had literary and social aspirations, but was compelled not only to drudge at market-gardening, but to drive an old cart about the streets to deliver vegetables. His sisters, instead of soothing and sustaining his spirit, taunted and "chaffed" him. His father, soured by his misfortunes, was not only harsh and imperious, but claimed his unremunerated service till he should be of age.

The boy naturally became gloomy, shy, rebellious. The pressure of a religious awakening only intensified this state of mind and heart. He became at length so desperate that he ran away from home, being obliged to take a small sum from the proceeds of sales in his hands in order to pay his fare to the distant city. But he had not gone more than half-way when his better instincts prevailed and he came back after a day's absence. But it w s not in the character of a repentant prodigal. He went to work in the fields as dogged and morose as ever. But all this time the Spirit of the Lord was striving with his heart. I talked freely with him, and soon made up my mind that the obstacle to peace and surrender lay in his relations to his father and to his employment, and that only through the much tribulation of accepting these could he enter the kingdom. It was a hard, and seemed almost a cruel, thing to advise. He was a greatly wronged child; his daily work was loathed by him, and stung and rankled his very soul. And the atmosphere of his home was ungenial and unsympathetic. But his duty was there, and his father had the legal right to his service.

At the crisis of the conflict I went to see him one day, soon after his return from his escapade. I cannot undertake to recount the particulars of this long and earnest and prayerful interview, or of others which followed. My part consisted in bringing unequivocally before his mind and conscience that no one can follow Christ who persists in following his own way and wish. There must be a complete surrender. We must deny self, and take up the cross. This great sharp, heavy, repulsive cross lay just before him. So long as he would not take that up daily, and cheerfully, he was not a servant but a rebel against his Lord. "Take my yoke upon you," said the Master, (and he indicated what He meant when He added, "for I am meek and lowly of heart") "and you shall find rest to your soul." Suffice it to say that he recognized the call, the Spirit taking these things of Christ and showing them unto him, and was found not unequal to the crucial test. The battle raged around that strategic point with a bitterness with which no stranger's, or even a pastor's, eye may intermeddle; but the victorious surrender was made. "I will arise and go to my father," was the earthly expression of the decision. "I will go to a reconciled Heavenly Father," was the significance of his act.

The result was all that the Saviour had promised. A cloud seemed to pass from his very look, as well as from his heart. When he rose to testify for Christ in the young people's meeting, his face was like an angel's, and his words were gentle and simple as a child's. His path was that of the just. The old vegetable cart (from which, however, he was soon released, since its mission was now ended) became a triumphal chariot. Not that he loved his situation or realized his humiliations any the less,—for to this day he winces instinctively under the recollection of those wrongs,—but the yoke was now easy and the burden light, because borne for and shared by the Lord Jesus. He has been, and is to-day, a singularly sweet and cheerful disciple. The same natural pride and rebellion are there, but they are not only under subjection, but dying of crucifixion and starvation. He has had many things to tempt them, and to try his faith and patience, but the serpent's head was crushed long ago in that homely Paradise of his market-garden.—*F. N. Zabriskie, in Christian Intelligencer.*

CARPET VERSUS BOYS.

"Jane, what does make you have those great, stamping boys in your parlor every Sabbath night?" "Because I love them." "But I should think they would spoil your new carpet. It is light and must show the spots that seven or eight pairs of boots make. When it is snowy, they must bring in the snow; and when it is muddy, track in the dirt. Dear me! I would not have half a dozen boys in my parlor once a week for a good round sum." "I wish there were a dozen of them." "But don't you know they will wear your carpets more than half a dozen parties? Boy's boots are so heavy and their steps so careless. I expect some of them have nails in their boots. I shouldn't enjoy the boys anyway—" "Yes, that's it." "And I am sure I would be in the fidgets every minute." "Perhaps you would, but I think not. I think you would, after a time, like myself, delight in having them with you. I think our weekly class prayer-meeting helps these boys. Indeed, I know it helps them. It gives me a great deal more pleasure than saving the carpet ever could. Perhaps they do wear it a little, but boys are worth more than carpets, be they three-ply, tapestry, or the best that ever were made. I've got the best interest on this parlor investment of any venture I ever had, and I've tried it ten years. Read this and see if it is not better than money at ten percent, or saving your parlor carpets. A young man, a tutor in the college, writes: 'Those precious Sabbath-night meetings! The dearest memories of my boyhood cling about them. I don't think I should ever have started in the right way if it had not been for them. And after I had started they helped me right along. Thank God for you and those meetings.'" —*Selected.*

STILL OTHER WORKERS HEARD FROM.

EXTRACTS FROM RECENT LETTERS.

"It is with pleasure that my brother and I write to let you know that our prizes came safe to hand. We like them very well and I shall not fail to show them to our friends."

"I received my book last night. Thanks very much. It is much nicer than I expected. I will try and get more subscribers next year."

"I received my prize "Sliced Animals" to-day. I am very much pleased with it."

"I received the premiums for the *Northern Messenger* and was surprised and pleased to get them so soon. I am fully satisfied with them. I think "Buffon's Natural History" very interesting, and like "As Time Glides on" and the butter-knife and sugar-shell very much indeed, and I thank you very much for them."

"I acknowledge receipt of your *Northern Messenger* prize "Little Story Book," and am delighted with it."

"I received the "Little Story Book." Many thanks to you. . . . . I will try and get more subscribers for I want a better prize."

"Received your prize book and was very much surprised as I never expected the like."

The letters pouring into the office day after day show us, as will be seen by the few extracts from the latest ones given above, that our prizes are increasing in popularity. Not less popular we hope will be the prizes offered in connection with the Bible Questions, particulars of which will be found in another column, and in the last *Messenger*.

Send a postal card for all the sample copies and blank lists you need to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Witness Office,
Montreal.

Question Corner.—No. 3.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

6. Who was chief priest when Jerusalem was taken by the Babylonians, and what became of him?
7. What prophet had the choice of accompanying the Jewish captives into Babylon or of remaining with the remnant left in Judea?
8. What priest of the Old Testament does our Lord mention by name as having been wickedly slain by the Jews?
9. Who was the first high priest of Israel?

THE PRIZE COMPETITION.

Above is the second instalment of the prize Bible Questions. Let all who are competing follow carefully the directions given in the last number. Number the answers as the questions are numbered, and if you cannot answer a question leave a blank. Write only on one side of the paper, and with every set of answers put your full name and address in the right hand upper corner of the first page. Address all answers, "Bible Questions, *Northern Messenger*," John Dougall & Son, Montreal.

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